

Sweet Lies

Beres Hammond

Now Jack is the mack and he comes around every
Monday, oh Tuesday and Wednesday,
Every day of the week
And even though I try to tell you that I love you
From the bottom of my heart
You had no place for me, it was all vanity now

You fell for one a them sweet lies
The ones you don't want to believe in
When your heart's not hearing
What your brain is saying
And you're weak in the knees
Another sweet lie
The kind you don't want to believe
When the heart's in doubt you got to stay out

Now the wine and the roses
Stop coming around sometime ago
But you won't admit that so, you pretend
I know it's hard to look your best
Wearing that same old shabby dress
So you stay at home, waiting by the phone

Now it gives me no pleasure to say
I told you so, it's been hard to keep it low
Knowing the things I know
Maybe in another place and in another time
Under different circumstances
You will find happiness so I suggest
Don't take foolish chances no

Now the wine and the roses
Stop coming around sometime ago
But you won't admit that so, you pretend
It's hard to look your best
Wearing that same old shabby dress
So you stay at home, waiting by the phone